

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckram, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,

*Poines.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot & hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But as the diuell wold haue it, three mis-begottē knaues, in Kendall greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets thē, grosse as a mountain, open palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallowcatch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, what saist thou to this?

*Poines.* Come your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or at the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He be no longer guiltie of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preiser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you staruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzell, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what is like thee! you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base cōparisons, hear me speak but thus.

*Poyn.* Marke, lacke.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, & were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimble, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, and still run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a slaue art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, & then say it was in fight? what trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Poin.* Come lets heare lacke, what trick? hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you my maisters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? VVhy, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but, by the Lord Lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall wee haue a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall bee, thy running away.

*Fal.* A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. Enter Hostesse.

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Hof.* Marry, my L, there is a Noble man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe lacke.

*Fal.* Fayth, and I send him packing.

*Prin.* Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Randol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.